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OR

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XXIV.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom: and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.
Psalms, xlix. 3.

The influence of knowledge upon the moral faculty, has long been a subject of dispute. Some contend that the study of the sciences is replete with danger, leading the mind away from christian simplicity, bewildering it in the mazes of scepticism and infidelity, and inviting to dissipation. Its advocates, on the other hand, describe it as promotive of virtue, favourable to the extension of every estimable principle, and, in fine, as the unfailing guide to happiness. As these are not merely speculative opinions; but are adopted as principles of action, by those to whom is entrusted the cultivation of the infant mind, it becomes a matter of the utmost importance, to ascertain how far either of these opinions are correct.

If the *Philanthropist* presumes to decide; if, on the present question, he considers both parties in error, and attempts to shew how they have been misled, let it not be supposed that he thinks himself wiser than his fellows: if he differs from them in any respect, it is only in feeling a more ardent desire, that error, both in principle and practice, might be banished from the world, and that on every question the developement of truth might be the sole object of attention.

History informs us,—our own times furnish abundant proofs, of men, whose capacious minds have been enriched with the whole circle of the sciences, running the career of folly, and employing their high attainments either in imposing on others, or deceiving themselves. To these might well be applied the censure of the poet:

"The soul immortal, spending all its fires,
"Wasting its strength in strenuous idleness;
"Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd
"At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
"Resembles ocean into tumult wrought
"To waft a feather or to drown a fly"

Of great acquirements, accompanied with the practice of every vice, perhaps the world can hardly furnish a stronger instance than the following:

"When the Duke de Sully, in 1603, set out on an embassy to England, he was attended by a numerous retinue of the principal gentlemen in France: among the rest, Mr. Servin presented his young son to him; at the same time earnestly begging the Duke, that he would use his best endeavors "to make him an *honest* man."

"This request gave Sully a great curiosity to search into his character, and he gives the following striking account of him.

"His genius, says he, was so lively, that nothing could escape his penetration; his apprehension was so quick, that he understood every thing in an instant; and his memory so prodigious, that he never forgot any thing. He was master of all the branches of philosophy, and the mathematics, particularly fortification and designing. Nay, he was so thoroughly acquainted with divinity, that he was an excellent preacher, when he pleased, and could manage the controversy for or against the Protestant religion with the greatest ability. He not only understood the Greek, Hebrew, and other learned languages, but also all the jargons of the moderns.—He entered so exactly into their pronunciation and accent, to which he joined such a perfect imitation of their air and manners, that not only the people of the different nations in Europe, but the several provinces in France, would have taken him for a native of the country. He applied his talents to imitate all sorts of persons, which he performed with wonderful dexterity, and was accordingly the best comedian in the world.

"He was a good poet, an excellent musician, and sung with equal art and sweetness. He said mass; for he would do every thing, as well as know every thing. His body was perfectly proportioned to his mind. He was well made, vigorous and agile, formed for all sorts of exercises. He rode a horse well, and was admired for dancing, leaping and wrestling. He was acquainted with all kinds of sports and diversions, and could practise in most of the mathematical arts.

"Reverse the medal, says Sully, he was a liar, treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; a sharper, drunkard and glutton. He was a gamester, an abandoned debauchee, a blasphemer and atheist. In a word, he was possessed of every vice contrary to nature, to honor, to religion and society; he persisted in his vices to the last, and fell a sacrifice to his debaucheries in the flower of his age."

But shall we conclude that knowledge made this young man vicious, an enemy to society, and proudly rebellious against his God? Az. a writer in the last number of the Evening Fire-side, might consistently make the assertion, since he attempts to prove by analogical reasoning, that pride is the consequence of advancement in knowledge! But how will his analogical deductions agree with the evidence of experience? Let us examine:—

Moses was skilled in all the wisdom and of the Egyptians, who were then the most learned people on earth—and Moses was the meekest of men.

Solomon's choice of wisdom and knowledge, received divine approbation in the strongest terms—for particulars, I request my readers to consult their bibles. They will there find, that when Solomon's heart was, in his old age, turned away from the God of his father's, it is by no means insinuated that it was the effect of his knowledge.

Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest philosopher of later ages, was also pre-eminently pious. He never opened his bible without

kneeling in ſupplication for divine aid, that he might underſtand aright what he was about to read. Unnumbered inſtances beſides, might be collected, of men who were as remarkable for piety and humility, as for the extent of their knowledge; we may therefore juſtly conclude, that the deduction of Az. is incorrect, viz. "that mankind, in the ſame ratio as they advance in underſtanding, loſe the fear of their Creator, become in their apprehenſion, nearer on a level, and feel a greater familiarity with him." I know not how this paſſage has affected others, but in me it excited diſagreeable ſenſations, ſuch as I have ſeldom experienced in peruſing the lucubrations in in the Evening Fire-side. Ignorance is, I believe, much more apt to exalt itſelf than knowledge.

Sometime ſince, as I was enjoying with my friends in the country, the mild beauties of a ſummer's eve, an illiterate man was preſent, whoſe years ought to have taught him experience, but whoſe mind was not adorned with wiſdom. He obſerved the fire-flies, that as it were, ſtudded the ſcene with brilliants, and "wondered why they were made, for he could not ſee they were of any uſe." Where is the man of ſcience who would dare thus to tax creative wiſdom?

But let us for a moment lay aſide this weight of evidence—let us reaſon upon the probable effects of knowledge on the human mind, and compare it with ignorance. The man who is totally uninformed, beholds the ſtarry heavens, merely as hung round with innumerable lights. He has, perhaps, ſeen a city illuminated, or the grand hall of a neighbouring manſion hung round with luſtres on a gala night: he compares the two together, and conſiders the heavens as an illumination on a grander ſcale. He does not contemplate the immenſity of ſpace, the countleſs worlds that are ever whirling round in their orbits, and the ſublime harmony of their motions directed by the fiat of the "Architect Divine."

——"Wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,
"Man marks not thee—marks not the mighty hand,
"That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres."

How different is the employment of the aſtronomer! He beholds himſelf as but a ſpeck on this earth, which is itſelf one of the ſmalleſt of the many planets which roll round the ſun: and even this glorious centre of our ſyſtem, he views as only one of the innumerable ſuns which occupy a portion of the immenſity of ſpace! Loſt in wonder, and bowing in awful adoration, he exclaims with the Pſalmiſt:

"When I conſider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and ſtars which thou haſt ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the ſon of man, that thou viſiteſt him? Need I aſk, which of the two would be moſt ready to proſtrate himſelf in the duſt? Nor is it from the ſtudy of aſtronomy alone that man is led to ſee the immeaſurable diſtance between himſelf and his Creator. The majeſty of heaven is as diſcernible in the minutiæ of things as in thoſe ſublimer ſcenes. The utmoſt ſkill of man, finds itſelf incapable of forming one of the moſt inſignificant ſeeds, that are wafted by the winds and cover the face of the earth, or to diſcover the vegetative principle by which they ſhoot forth. The microſcope ſhews him multitudes of beings which his naked eye could not diſtinguiſh, each as perfect in their kind as himſelf. The reflections ariſing from employments like theſe, do not appear to me calculated to awaken pride in man. After all his diſcoveries and painful inveſtigations, he finds that the whole viſible creation is put in motion, and performs its ſeveral parts by an inviſible agency, of the nature of which, he cannot even form a conception. Can this produce pride in man? I ſhould be for giving it a very different name.

But how comes it to paſs that many learned men are immoral, impious and preſuming?

The *Philanthropiſt* attributes their vices not to the ſtudy of the ſciences, but to cauſes which operated long before the commencement of their ſtudies—to principles early implanted, which like ſeed ſown in the earth, require time for their developement. Knowledge is to the mind what the ſun is to the phyſical world—it expands, invigorates and matures. If therefore, the the education of infancy has been wrong directed—if bad principles and evil habits have been allowed to gain the aſcendency, the ſubſequent acquiſition of knowledge will naturally tend to increaſe their luxuriancy, enlarge their ſphere of action, and enable the poſſeſſor to become a more formidable enemy to the welfare of Society

We do not ſay, it were better to be without the ſun, becauſe, in ſome places his rays give activity to thoſe malignant vapours, which ſpread in their direful courſe, peſtilence and death.—Why then ſhould we condemn knowledge, becauſe in minds already contaminated, it increaſes the ability to do wrong. Let us remember that it alſo gives force and energy to virtue, "enables our imperfect nature to mount higher in the ſcale of moral excellence"—that it is "a ſtream which branches into a thouſand rivulets that enrich and adorn the fields of life."

For the Evening Fire-side.

Meſſrs. Editors,

I find there are two opinions entertained reſpecting the influence of education * on mankind. One is, that if properly conducted, it would preſerve us from evil. The other, that from an inherent viciouſneſs in our nature, no courſe of education whatever will accompliſh this end, for, that if right principles *ſhould be inſtilled*, they will, in many caſes, be departed from. Thoſe who contend for the latter opinion, allege, that notwithſtanding all the culture, inſtruction and indefatigable labour of well diſpoſed parents, and guardians, with a view to eſtabliſh and confirm proper habits and principles in youth, numerous inſtances daily occur, demonſtrative of the impoſſibility of effecting theſe deſirable purpoſes:—they either forget thoſe leſſons which they have received, or wilfully contemn them. Thoſe who are on the other ſide of the queſtion, aſſert this to be an erroneous and dangerous notion, calculated to produce indifference and neglect towards the riſing generation: they urge, that when there is a departure from moral rectitude, it is becauſe a thorough conviction has not been wrought in the mind, of the importance and neceſſity of a ſtrict adherence to it; and that although efforts to inculcate proper principles may have been made, yet example, perhaps not coinciding with precept, their efforts have in all probability been paralized:—to uſe a formiliar phraſe "they have built up with one hand and pulled down with the other."

The Chineas, it would ſeem, are of this latter opinion; I am told the memory of the father is not ſuffered to be perpetuated by an epitaph, until the character of the ſon has become ſo far developed, as clearly to evince that he is diſpoſed to enliſt in the cauſe of virtue;—at which time, permiſſion is granted for an inſcription on his tomb, more or leſs honorable to the deceaſed.—

I wiſh, Meſſrs. Editors, to ſee this queſtion diſcuſſed in your uſeful paper; appre-

* The formation of manners in youth.

hending ſome benefit would reſult from an inveſtigation of the queſtion, and tend to harmonize diſcordant opinions.

Yours,

DELTA.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

Ode to a Quarter dollar act, paſſed by a certain Literary Club; Anno Domini 1806.

The *Quarter-dollar act*! ſublimely ſing
Presumptuous muſe, to any height I dare go;
I've often heard it ſaid (let's prove the thing
Beyond diſpute) that "Money makes the mare go."

I think I never knew a ſtatute wiſer,
It ſtrikes at both the pockets and the brains;
And if a member chance to be a *miſer*,
His upper ſtory conſequently drains.

I hardly can believe, what I've been told,
(Knowing the club conſiſts of none but gents);
For *honourable men*, 'tis rather bold,
To offer *nonſenſe*, when poſſeſs'd of *cents*.

Some even ſave their labour and their pence,
Who ſpeak of lit'rature with great regard;
This plaguey headwork is ſo very hard,
'Tis eaſier with their duty to diſpenſe.

Were I a member of the learned club,
That did this law compulſory enact;
I think I'd give the lazy rogues a rub,
By moving for a ſupplementary act.

Which ſhould provide (in language ſo exact,
As to defy perverſions, twiſts and ſtrains);
The means by which, no doubt we might extract
The very eſſence of each others brains.

I now will offer you ſome good advice,
Which is a comfort in the worſt of times,
And which I'm ſure you'll follow if you'r wiſe,
And praiſe my wiſdom much, if not my rhymes:

Increaſe the penalty a thouſand fold,
Go as much further as you think you dare go?
Let me intreat you, brethren, to be bold,
The adage is, that "Money makes the mare go."

PATTY PINDAR.

For the Evening Fire-Side.

THE GLEANER: NO. VIII.

"'Tis beſt the middle way to keep,
"And not decline to either hand,
"Nor launch too far into the deep,
"Nor ſteer your courſe too near the land."

As the face is the mirror of the ſoul, ſo dreſs is the index of the mind. Superfluity often denotes either the pride or extravagance of the wearer; ſlovenlineſs betokens indolent negligence; and a whimſical habit is the mark of a capricious mind. To dreſs totally in oppoſition to the prevailing faſhion is undoubtedly characteriſtic of ſelf conceit; and ſetting ourſelves up to oppoſe the general taſte of the times, is as great a proof of vanity and pride, as attempting to be the firſt who ſhall introduce a novelty. If it be owing to pride, that many men make it their ſtudy conſtantly to appear in the tip of the mode, we muſt lay the ſame accuſation againſt thoſe who oppoſe it in the extreme. It has appeared to me as an eſtabliſhed truth, that almoſt every one dreſſes more to pleaſe others than themſelves; elſe why ſhould almoſt every one be regardleſs of what he wears in his own houſe, but always puts on ſomething better when he goes abroad, and that, generally good in proportion to the company he expects to meet with? An attention to dreſs is in ſome meaſure made indiſpenſible by cuſtom, which, as my fellow labourer the PEDLAR, ſays, "has ſo eſtabliſhed its empire in human affairs, that he who oppoſes its influence is conſidered in the ſame predicament as he who rebels againſt a tyrant." But it is a ridiculous thing for any one to make himſelf a ſlave to faſhion,—and ſometimes the event proves truly tragical in the labyrinths of perplexity. The perfection of dreſs is to be eaſy and clean, and were I permitted to give any advice on this matter, it ſhould be—neither court nor altogether deſpiſe faſhions; but keep in the medium, and avoid the extremes.

E.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

THE PEDLAR, NO. VII.

"Hope travels thro' nor quits us when we die."

POPE.

Our journey through this world is marked with innumerable diſappointments, which are incident to it, and which, but for the friendly aid of hope, would render our lives one continued ſeries of endleſs miſeries and deſpair. Hope, that "dear deluſive phantom," ſteps in to our ſupport, under the preſſure of misfortune. It alleviates the burden of our ſorrows, and calms the tumult of the ſoul. When the ſtorms of adverſity gather, and even threaten to burſt over our heads with fatal deſtruction, this all cheering, all ſupporting power buoys up the ſinking ſpirits, and illumines the dreary proſpect of futurity, with the rays of conſolation.

"Hope, of all paſſions moſt befriends us here;
Paſſions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her tears, and tranſport has her death.
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Man's heart at once inſpires and ſerenes."

When the mind is involved in anxiety—when the breaſt is troubled, and pants with fear, how conſoling is it to liſten to the ſuggeſtions of hope! Certainly there is nothing more agreeable to the ſenſations of man, than that which diſſipates the gloom of ſorrow from his heart—that which animates the whole ſyſtem; and even in his laſt moments, when every other dependancy is unavailing, and falls ſhort of yielding relief, gives his mind a bright aſpect of futurity.

Oh heavenly nymph of birth divine,
To cheer the ſoul of grief, is thine.
When ſorrows preſs the ſinking heart,
What ſoothing ſweets thy ſmiles impart;
Still leading onward thou doſt ſay,
"A few more ſteps purſue thy way,
"Soon ſhalt thou reach the promis'd joy:
"Then bliſs is thine without alloy."
Gentle hope! thou dear deceiver,
From miſery our kind reliever,
Partake of our every care,
Kind preſerver from deſpair.
Come heavenly nymph of birth divine,
To cheer the ſoul of grief be thine.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

ODE TO ALPHA OMEGA.*

ALPHA OMEGA I muſt now acknowledge,
That thou didſt bring an empty head from college;
Thy eſſay, who can read, without ſatiety:
Thy eſſay, who can read without diſcerning,
That thou haſt never been much hurt, *by learning*,
And yet it ſmells a little of *impiety*.

This I think worſe than "ſmelling of the lamp,"
Or training children up to "*popularity*,"
Or giving to our youth the ſterling ſtamp
Of knowledge—ſo offenſive to vulgarity.

"Juſt as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."
Thou hadſt, when young, a moſt unlucky touch,
Some teacher's zeal then bent thee rather much,
And now thou'rt crookeder than he deſign'd.

Thou Bedlamite, why did'ſt thou not propoſe
To open ſchools for teaching *ignorance*;
A favourite ſyſtem thus to leave to chance,
Deſerves chaſtiſement both in verſe and proſe.

Academies for making wiſe men fools,
It ſeems has never enter'd thy dull head;
Therefore profeſſors, and prefeſſors' *tools*,
May live a little longer without dread.

There are among my brethren of the pen,
Some very learned philanthropic men,
Who overturn falſe notions with much eaſe;
Should one of theſe conſent to write a line,
In oppoſition to ſuch rant as thine,
'T might prove an antidote for thy diſeaſe.

That we ſhould all be backward, I believe,
In trying to obtain forbidden knowledge;
'Twas not the kind that's now acquir'd at college,
That prov'd the ruin of our mother Eve.

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*See Az. (in laſt number) on education.

Let all beware when Satan is the teacher,
For mischief always lurks in his advice.
Let all be bold when ignorance turns preacher,
And tell the dunce a little will suffice.

The muses have resolv'd to form a league a-
Gainst thee, but they will forgive what's past,
Provided thy *first essay* be *thy last*;
Then let it be—thy *Alpha* and *Omega*.

PATTY PINDAR.

THE DECLAIMER: NO. IV.

"She then shines forth solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress."

The wretched folly of her, who, having outlived the season of youth and beauty, and finding her influence has declined with her charms, attempts at fifty to restore the graces of fifteen; has long since been ridiculed by the wise, and the witty. The old and the young, the learned and the unlearned; have all assisted to disrobe the Daw of her borrowed plumage.

The same spirit has pursued the batchelor;—the preciseness of his conduct, and the caprices of his character, have been held up to the winking eyes of laughter; and the cheerless isolated wretch, has been fairly tittered from the circles of youth and fashion.

But ridicule has not been satisfied with the antiquated beau, or the faded beauty. The prating coxcomb who has crept among men of letters, the plebian among patricians, the clown who has sallied into the walks of fashion, or the quaker who has mingled in the dance; all who have acted out of character, have been lashed with merited severity.

I am not about to question the justness of these censures; but am almost ready with my usual gravity, to declaim against the miserable folly that merits them.

There is, however, one class, that deserves not ridicule, but pity.—The young and jovial, who, born in the lower stations of life, have joined the circles of the children of wealth and pleasure, danced with them through the mazes of dissipation; till money and credit both expended, they have found themselves abandoned in the hour of distress and sorrow.—These I can pity: they have neglected to reflect, on the impropriety and danger of poverty associating with opulence—they have been unacquainted with the pitfalls in the path of pleasure, but they have loved her votaries; and it is a cold heart indeed, that feels not the captivating influence of exhilirating company—

"Even baccanalian madness has its charms."

—These I can pity:

Marcius was young and handsome, the son of an obscure mechanic; but though his education was confined, his heart was open and generous: It had not been taught by a master of morality; but naturally good, it had made but few aberrations from the path of honor. Fond of society, he encouraged the humor and gaiety of his disposition, cultivated his festive qualities, and soon became the soul of every company. It has been remarked with great truth, that the more noble and generous the disposition, the greater is the fondness for social company, and the more easily is it led away by the blandishments of folly. With a heart beating high with a love of pleasure, Marcius was feelingly alive to the charms of society: his company was courted by men of exalted stations, who were charmed with his conversation, and found him too valuable a companion to be neglected; and yielding to the invitations of politeness and fashion, he was constantly one of the parties of the votaries of Bacchus, chanting the *humor* of Dibdin, or heightning by his own, the roar of the carousal.

But Marcius was unhappy; he was the associate of men of wealth, and was often doomed to feel his inferiority. His extravagance had ruined his purse, and his debaucheries, his constitution: and neglected and despised, he left the abodes of splendor and dissipation, with an important lesson—that dispositions like his require curbing, rather than indulgence; and that heaven had wisely placed him in a station of mediocrity, where the gaiety of his heart would have been balanced by the engagements of business.

Jest not at the misfortunes of Marcius, but pity them.

D.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

—Who can grieve too much, what Time shall end
Our Mourning for so dear a Friend?

CREECH.

There is a sort of delight, which is alternately mixed with terror and sorrow, in the contemplation of death. The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an equal, a resigned, a chearful, a generous or heroic temper in that extremity. We are affected with these respective manners of behaviour, as we secretly believe the part of the dying person imitable by ourselves, or such as we imagine ourselves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are, to the ordinary race of Mankind, rather subjects for their Admiration than example. However, there are no ideas strike more forcibly upon our imaginations, than those which are raised from reflexions upon the exits of great and excellent men. Innocent men who have suffered as criminals though they were benefactors to human society, seem to be persons of the highest distinction, among the vastly greater number of human race, the dead. When the iniquity of the times brought *Socrates* to his execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the testimony of his own conscience and conjectures of hereafter, receive the poison with an air of mirth and good-humour, and as if going on an agreeable journey bespeak some deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good actions had met with the like reward from his country, and he was led to death with many others of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking composedly towards the place of execution, how gracefully does he support his illustrious character to the very last instant. One of the rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himself. When a poor-spirited creature that died at the same time for his crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this question, is it no consolation to such a man as thou art to die with *Phocion?* At the instant when he was to die, they asked what commands he had for his son, he answered, To forget this injury of the *Athenians*. *Niocles*, his friend, under the same sentence, desired he might drink the potion before him; *Phocion* said, because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult request he had ever made.

These instances were very noble and great, and the reflexions of those sublime spirits had made death to them what it is really intended to be by the author of nature, a relief from a various being ever subject to sorrows and difficulties.

Epaminondas the *Theban* general, having received in fight a mortal stab with a sword, which was left in his body, lay in that posture untill he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which instant he expressed himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my life, my fellow soldiers; it is now your* Epaminondas *is born, who dies in so much glory.*

It were an endleſs labour to collect the accounts with which all ages have filled the world of noble and heroic minds that have reſigned this being, as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

This common-placeway of thinking I fell into from an aukward endeavour to throw off a real and freſh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not eaſy to remove griefs which touch the heart, by applying remedies which only entertain the imagination. As therefore this paper is to conſiſt of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the preſent ſubject regard what has been the laſt object of my eyes, though an entertainment of ſorrow.

I went this evening to viſit a friend, with a deſign to rally him, upon a ſtory I had heard of his intending to ſteal a marriage without the privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death. What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts ſtruck upon me like the moſt flagitious wickedneſs: I in vain called upon him; he was ſenſeleſs, and too far ſpent to have the leaſt knowledge of my ſorrow, or any pain in himſelf. Give me leave then to tranſcribe my Soliloquy, as I ſtood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a ſon who was her honour and her comfort, and never till that hour ſince his birth had been an occaſion of a moment's ſorrow to her.

"How ſurpriſing is this change! from the poſſeſſion of vigorous life and ſtrength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity! Thoſe lips which look ſo pale and livid, within theſe few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance: It was the buſineſs, the purpoſe of his being, next to obeying him to whom he is going, to pleaſe and inſtruct, and that for no other end but to pleaſe and inſtruct; kindneſs was the motive of his actions, and with all the capacity requiſite for making a figure in a contentious world, moderation, good-nature, affability, temperance and chaſtity, were the arts of his excellent life. There as he lies in helpleſs agony, no wiſe man who knew him ſo well as I, but would reſign all the world can beſtow to be ſo near the end of ſuch a life. Why does my heart ſo little obey my reaſon as to lament thee, thou excellent man.—Heaven receive him, or reſtore him.—Thy beloved mother, thy obliged friends, thy helpleſs ſervants, ſtand around thee without diſtinction. How much wouldſt thou, hadſt thou thy ſenſes, ſay to each of us!

"But now that good heart burſts, and he is at reaſt—with that breath expired a ſoul who never indulged a paſſion unfit for the place he is gone to: Where are now thy plans of juſtice, of truth, of honour? Of what uſe the volumes thou haſt collated, the arguments thou haſt invented, the examples thou haſt followed? Poor were the expectations of the ſtudious, the modeſt and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy good offices to thy friends, thy intended ſervices to thy country, are already performed (as to thy concern in them) in his ſight before whom the paſt, preſent, and future appear at one view. While others with thy talents were tormented with ambition, with vain-glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didſt thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune; in probity, in integrity, in the practice and ſtudy of juſtice; how ſilent thy paſſage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end! *Many have I known more famous, ſome more knowing, not one ſo innocent.*

(Spectator)

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

ODE.

"The dewy ray from pity's eye,
Which pours the tear and swells the sigh,
Shall melt each tender breast;
For virgins fair, the knell nave rung,
And sadly-flowing dirges sung,
To Mary's angel rest.

"O'er the green head in sadness made,
Where all the faded charms are laid,
Soft maids, and kind shall bend;
While sorrow's mists shall dim the eye,
The prayer shall mingle with the sigh,
Which mourns the virgin friend.

"To purple life, tho' morning springs,
And pleasure waves her gloomy wings,
And becks the rural train;
Yet she, who fairer than the morn,
Each village pastime did adorn,
Low lies beneath the plain.

"Lamented maid! thy soften'd mind,
And various charms of angel kind,
Remembrance holds most dear,
Thy tongue, which pity's precepts told,
Which sweetest truths would once unfold,
Still speaks in sorrow's ear.

"Ere twilight's dark'ning hand shall shade,
The fading lawn or dusky glade,
What time the Owlet flies,
The love-lorn maid, shall seek thy tomb,
And pond'ring o'er thy mourned doom,
Each thought shall purer rise,

"That place a sacred spot shall be,
For elfin lays and minstrelsy
Soft play'd by hands unseen;
The pensive fays shall there resort,
And sheeny bands shall cease to sport,
And shun their moon-light green.

"There shall each swain, whose breast can feel
Pity's soft pang or love's sweet zeal,
At nights' lone hour appear;
There oft shall fall the dews of woe,
There summer's sweets shall lovelier blow,
Enrich'd by sorrow's tear."

[*Townsend.*]

[*Concluded from laſt week.*]

In my laſt paper, I gave my reader a ſight of that mountain of miſeries, which was made up of thoſe ſeveral calamities that afflict the minds of men. I ſaw, with unſpeakable pleaſure, the whole ſpecies thus delivered from its ſorrows: though at the ſame time, as we ſtood round the heap, and ſurveyed the ſeveral materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce a mortal, in this vaſt multitude, who did not diſcover what he thought pleaſures and bleſſings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confuſion of miſeries, this chaos of calamity, *Jupiter* iſſued out a ſecond proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any ſuch other bundle as ſhould be delivered to him.

Upon this FANCY began again to beſtir herſelf, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his packet. The hurry and confuſion at this time was not to be expreſſed. Some obſervations which I made upon the occaſion, I ſhall communicate to the public. A venerable gray headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found, wanted an heir to his eſtate, ſnatched up an undutiful ſon, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceleſs youth, in leſs than a quarter of an hour pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; ſo that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his ſon again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to re-

cede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-ſlave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry faces, that one might eaſily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleaſant enough to ſee the ſeveral exchanges that were made, for ſickneſs againſt poverty, hunger againſt want of appetite, and care againſt pain.

The female world were very buſy among themſelves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort waſte for a pair of round ſhoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a loſt reputation: but on all theſe occaſions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemiſh, as ſoon as ſhe had got it into her poſſeſſion, much more diſagreeable than the old one. I made the ſame obſervation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the aſſembly brought upon himſelf, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befal us are in ſome meaſure ſuited and proportioned to our ſtrength, or that every evil becomes more ſupportable by our being accuſtomed to it, I ſhall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well ſhaped perſon with a ſtone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had ſtruck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole aſſembly of ladies, who uſed to admire him, with a pair of ſhoulders peeping over his head.

I muſt not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long viſage had no ſooner taken upon him my ſhort face, but he made ſuch a groteſque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myſelf, inſomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was ſo ſenſible of the ridicule, that I found he was aſhamed of what he had done: on the other ſide I found that I myſelf had no great reaſon to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I miſſed the place, & clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Beſides, as my noſe was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at ſome other part of it. I ſaw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the ſame rediculous circumſtances. Theſe had made a fooliſh ſwop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapſticks that had no calfs to them. One of theſe looked like a man walking upon ſtilts, and was ſo lifted up in the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made ſuch awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he ſcarce knew how to move forward upon his new ſupporters: obſerving him to be a pleaſant kind of fellow I ſtuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at laſt diſtributed among the two ſexes, who made a moſt piteous ſight, as they wandered up and down under the preſſure of their ſeveral burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking compaſſion on the poor mortals, ordered them a ſecond time to lay down their loads, with a deſign to give every one his own again. They diſcharged themſelves with a great deal of pleaſure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into ſuch groſs deluſions, was commanded to diſappear. There was ſent in her ſtead a goddeſs of a quite different figure: her motions were ſteady and compoſed, and her aſpect ſerious but chearful. She every now and then caſt her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*; her name was PATIENCE. She had no ſooner placed herſelf by the mount of ſorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap ſunk to ſuch a degree, that it did not appear a third part ſo big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the moſt commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleaſed that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Beſides the ſeveral pieces of morality to be drawn out of this viſion, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happineſs of another, ſince it is impoſſible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's ſufferings; for which reaſon alſo I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the ſorrows of my fellow-creatures with ſentiments of humanity and compaſſion.

[*Spectator.*]

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

—— Cœlum quid quærimus ultra? Luc.
What ſeek we beyond Heav'n!

The conſideration that the deity is preſent to every thing, attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtance; or in other words, that his Omniſcience and omnipreſence are coexiſtent, and run together through the whole infinitiude of ſpace, is a reflection that might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral very excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards their ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by the divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy ſpirit, and unattentive to his preſence, receives none of thoſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature and neceſſary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolation of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think

ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *Secondly*, The deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven: but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life, from refreſhing us and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of *Job*, when, for the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to myſelf?* But *thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving kindneſs!

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that, is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always *ſenſible* of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know that the ſpirit of God is preſent with us, by the effects of which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is a ſoul within the ſoul to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy ſpirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct *Seneca* to this doctrine in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles: *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos, & obſervator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita & ille nos.* 'There is a holy 'ſpirit reſiding in us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil men, and will 'treat us after the ſame manner that we 'treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation. *If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

[*Spectator.*]

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

Population of China.

One of thoſe things which have been thought the moſt incredible by Europeans in accounts of China, is its extenſive population, but which does not appear to have been much exaggerated. Father Amiot took great pains to inveſtigate this ſubject and fixed the population of China in 1743, at two hundred millions, and though we cannot agree with his reaſoning on different ſtatements, it will be impoſſible to put his account back more than twenty millions, if ſo much. We poſſeſs, however a more complete enumeration, taken from the accounts of the tribunals of lands received in France in 1779. By this enumeration, it appears that the population of China in 1761, was as follows:

Province of Pe-toheli, including Leaſ-tong	15,891,792
King-nang two diviſions	45,922,439
King-ſi	11,006,640
To-kien	9,063,671
Tche-kiang	15,429,690
Hou-quang	8,829,320
Ho-nan, two diviſions	24,413,110
Chan-tong	25,180,734
Chan ſi	9,768,189
Chen-ſi including kar fou	14,099,457
Se-tcheun	2,782,976
Guang-tong	6,797,597
Guang-ſi	3,947,414
Yun-nan	2,078,802
Kou-tcheou	3,402,722
	198,214,553

This regiſter accompanied with a comparative ſtatement of the population in the preceding year, 1760, in which the numbers were ſtated at, 196,837,977, there was therefore an increaſe of 1,376,576 in the courſe of one year only. But upwards of thirty years have elapſed ſince the epocha

of this enumeration; and as there be no doubt of the population of China having for a long time paſt been progreſſively increaſing, we preſume that this Empire contains at preſent, upwards of 220,000,000 of inhabitants. It will no doubt be allowed, that there is no Empire in the univerſe which contains ſo many people, united in the ſame ſociety, and govern by the ſame laws.

[*Winterbotham's view of the Chineſe Empire.*]

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

The following beautiful portrait, from a moral limner, is painted from the life, and in colours, which glow with brightneſs, and will laſt for ages.

The temper of a Chriſtian is not a temper of ſordid ſenſuality, or lazy apathy, or dogmatizing pride, or diſappointed ambition. More truly independent of worldly eſtimation, than philoſophy, with all her boaſts, it forms a perfect contraſt to Epicurean ſelfiſhneſs, and to Stoical pride, and to Cynical brutality. It is a temper, compounded of firmneſs and complacency and peace and love; and manifeſting itſelf in acts of kindneſs and of courtely, in kindneſs, not pretended, but genuine; a courteſy, not falſe and ſuperficial, but cordial and ſincere. In the hour of popularity, it is not intoxicated or inſolent, in the hour of unpopularity, it is not deſponding or moroſe; unſhaken in conſtancy, unwearied in benevolence, firm without rougineſs, and aſſiduous without ſervility.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

There is one law in Denmark, which reſtrains the tyranny of parents towards their children, that deſerves to be particularly mentioned: No parent can by his own act, diſinherit his child: if he thinks that his ſon will diſhonour him, and diſſipate his fortune, he cannot change the uſual channel of his property, without applying to the ſovereign for permiſſion, who, in council cautiouſly conſiders the allegation and anſwer; and thus the refuſal or permiſſion is the reſult of a public proceſs. Admirable as the laws of England are, it would be well if ſuch a law as this, adapted to the genius of the conſtitution could be introduced. Alas! in England how often is the happineſs of an excellent child ſacraficed to the unnatural caprice or pride of an angry, fooliſh, mercenary parent!

[*Carr's Northern Summer.*]

Extracted (from Baker's Chron.) for the Evening Fire-side.

The inventor of topography, or printing, was a German knight, Anno 1440, named John Guttenburg, of Mentz; the greateſt advantage that ever the commonwealth of learning received. What a toil was it to tranſcribe authors, before this art was in uſe, and preſerve them from the injury of time! But, now, topography has put a bridle in the mouth of time, that it cannot devour ſo much, and has brought things from under the yoke of mortality, and therefore may be juſtly called *Ars memoriæ, et moris oblivionus*, 'The art of memory and death of oblivion.' The Chineſe pretend to have uſed the art of printing ſixteen hundred years ago: which was many ages before it was known in Europe; but theirs is of a different kind from ours, being engraved on wooden tables, which will ſerve for many years to reprint the ſame work, without the new expenſe of ſetting for the preſs, as it is in our printing.

Writing is another invaluable art, by which a man may communicate his mind, without opening his mouth, and intimate his pleaſure at ten thouſand leagues diſtance, only by the help of twenty two letters, which may be joined 5,852,616,738,497,664,000 ways, will expreſs all things, both in heaven and earth, in a very narrow compaſs. The name of the author of this intention is loſt.

Hiſt. Man. Arts.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

BOSTON, *Sept.* 1.—By the arrival at this place, of the regular trading ships John Adams, Captain Wood, and Sally, Captain Lewis, we have received our regular files of London papers to the 18th, and Liverpool papers to the 21st July. They are not fraught with that variety of intereſting and important matter, which it was believed they would contain; and which the ſtate of affairs at our laſt dates, warranted the public to expect.—A few extracts are however preſented to our readers: On the ſubject of Peace, there is nothing to be found in these papers, beyond the fact of a frequent interchange of Couriers and Meſſengers between the Cabinets of St. James and St. Cloud, except rumour and ſpeculative opinion; which ſo far as they may be allowed to go, are inauſpicious to any immediate reconciliation. "A paper of laſt night, which pretends to be well informed of what is kept ſecret from every body out of the Cabinet, reports the negociation between this country and France to be ſo far advanced, that moſt, if not all the obſtacles that exiſted, are ſaid to have been removed; and alſo, that the following are ſome of the principal terms:

Malta to be poſſeſſed by this country in full ſovereignty.

"The Cape to be ceded to Great Britain.

"Hanover to be reſtored to its lawful ſovereign.

"The new arrangements made by Bonapart on the Continet to be acknowledged.

"The merchandize and manufactures of this country to pass freely throughout the Continent.

"No ſhips of the line to be built on either ſide without previous notice being given of ſuch intention by the party intending to build to the other party, which then may build an equal number."

"We mention this merely to caution our friends, eſpecially those concerned in the Stocks, from being duped by giving it credit. We are not of the number that believe peace to be ſo near at hand as many of our ſanguine contemporaries. Some months hence perhaps, ſome effectual efforts may be made to reſtore peace—at preſent the parties are merely ſounding each other's diſpoſition—Should Mr. Fox's malady prove fatal, an entire ſtoppage of the intercourſe, ſuch as it is which has for ſome time been going on between the two countries, will be the conſequence."

—

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 23d to the 30th of August. Adults 14,—Children 10,—Total 24.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O.'s palate is not pleaſed with the repaſt
On Courtſhip, which he taſted in our laſt.
Why?—He miscalls the author *acrimonious*
No wonder then he thought the morſel bitter
On ſecond taſte he'll doubtleſs find it ſweet
When he diſcovers 'tis A. MACARONI.

The beauties of W. were entirely too brilliant, for unfortunately they gave us light ſufficient to diſcover that they were all borrowed from *Johnſon*.

Our poetical ſiſter Caſſander,
Our mercy will certainly praiſe;
For ſaving her wand'ring Alcander
From death by her "*ſoul-killing*" lays.

Several *real* favors have been received, which will meet with the attention they merit.

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